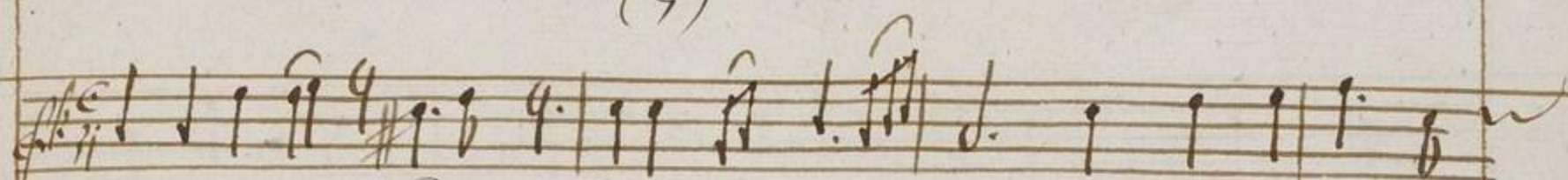
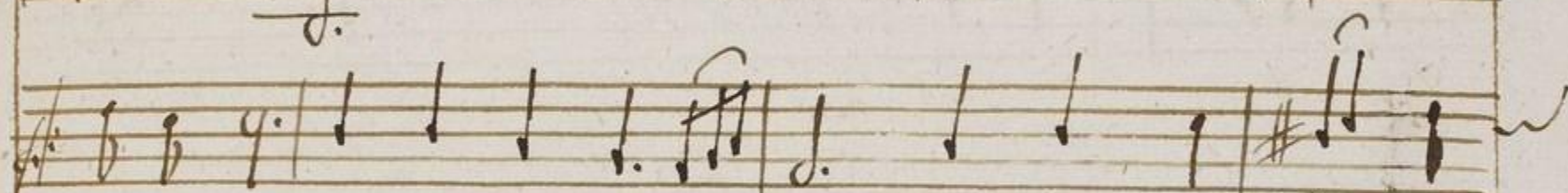
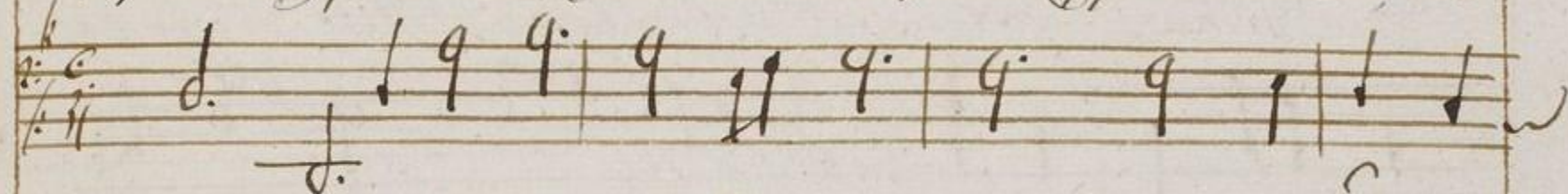


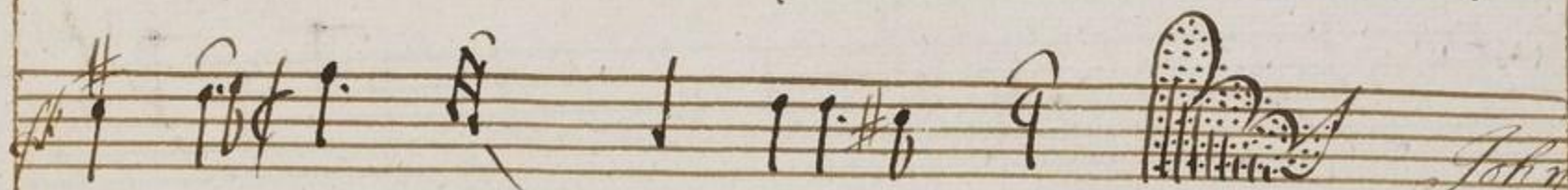
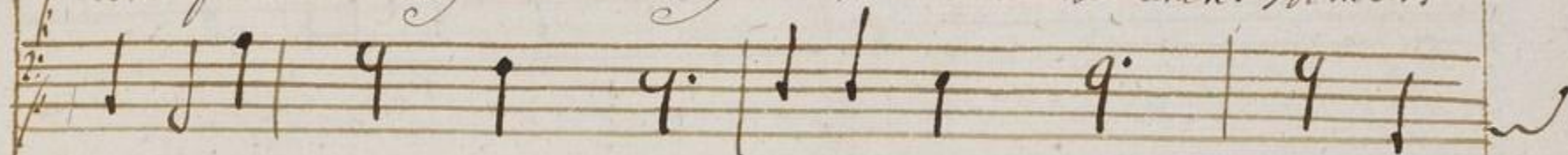
(7)



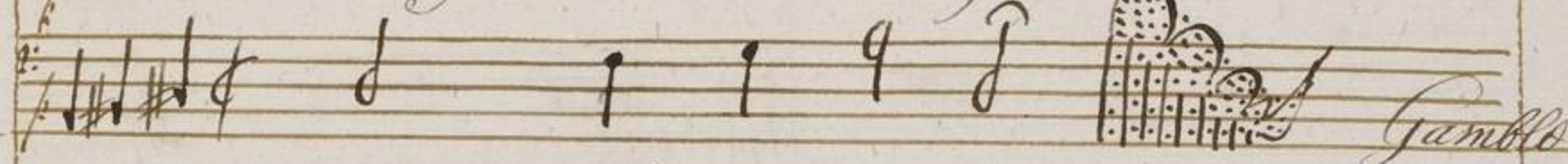
Thy Nodd a Wayfer. so distill, Carraroais at thy Will, Lipp's Marmalott noe



sooner felt, but they doe sweetly melt, Toth small blancht Almons



are soe white, they are Taste into the Sight



John

Gamble

2
Thy Cherry Gums, are sweeter pastie
that hould those Almons fast
Tongue preserv'd Raspberries soe right
touch tickling Taste delight
Swishes Barbary Sugar Cakes disclodes
mingled with Conserues of Roses

3
Thy Eyes sweetest preserv'd Damascens fills
Thy teares their Syrrup drills
Each finer finger of thy hand
Iringoi-Roots candid stand
But Loue's sweetest Apples must not see
That's the forbidden Tree



My deare